Numb. 84.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Queens Birth Day. The Country-mans *Poem occasioned by the same. Of the Book call'd,* The Exorbant Grants of King *William. Of the Prince of* Hanovers *being made* Stadtholder *of* Holland.

From Saturday February the 6th, to Wednesday February the 10th, 17$0\frac{2}{3}$.

Obj. WELL honest *Countryman*, what News hast brought us from *London*?

Country-m. Truly, Sir, not much News, all Saturday was Observ'd as a Holy Day at Town being Queen *ANNE*'s Birth Day, the Shops were shut up all Day, and in the Evening we had Bonfires, Illuminations and Fire-works, I never saw the like in my Life, and was wonderfully pleased with the *Sky-Rockets* (as they call'd 'em) which mounted from the Earth into the Air with a pale sort of Light, till they were got as high as the Strength of the Powder could Elevate them, and then they broke into the form of a Star, and then Vanish'd; Methought the Fire-works resembled the *High-Flyers* of the Church to the nicest Degree, whose shining *Loyalty* makes a wondrous Blaze, while the Condition of their Prince is Fortunate, but when 'tis obscured by the Revolutions of adverse Fate, then their Loyalty, like the *Sky-Rockets*, expires in a Cloud, and the unfortunate Prince, who has been misled by their Advice, must bear the Burden of National Mismanagements on his own Shoulders. —— A Parcel of true *Britons*, with my self, went that Evening to the Tavern, where we Drank the Queens Health so long that my Head-Ak'd so the next Morning, I was not able to go to Church in the Forenoon. As I was jogging homewards this Morning, I made a parcel of Rhimes on Her Majesties Birth-Day, which I have written down for your Perusal.

Obs. Pray Read 'em to the Company.

Country-m. It's a sort of Verse I never Attempted before; they call it (I think) *Lyrick*, or *Pindarick*, or some other Term, I can't tell what; but, with such as they are you must be Contented.

I.

Rise, lofty Numbers! Rise from Scenes of Light,
And let the Dullest Briton *see,*
All shades that be,
Yield to dispelling Harmony,
And try the Charming Eloquence of Verse.
Ye Mutes who round the Sable Herse,
Of mighty William *late did sit.*
All your Dumb signs of Grief forget;
Ye living Emblems of Eternal Night,
Each Artificial Spright,
Who would the Muses and their Sons affright.
Rise! Rise! I say, your Throats prepare,
Lament no more the God of War,
Nor heed his Trumpets from afar:
Your Throats prepare, and in Melodious Noise,
To Anna's *Fame extend your high exalted Voice.*

II.

William *the Brave, the Just, the Good is gone.*
Anna *the Vertuous, does possess his Throne:*
Æneas (tho' no juster Prince,
Did the Almighty Gods revere,
Or greater General try'd the dubious Fate of War,)
Yields to our Mighty William *now remov'd from hence.*
Eliza *(who our Chronicles relate,*
Guarded so well the Seas, and Britain's *State,)*
Her Fame to Anna's *must give Place,*
Anna *does Fly, not Run, in Glory's Race;*
Eliza *at long Run with Hands embrew'd*
In Blood, the Spanish *daring Force subdu'd:*
Anna *no sooner mounted on the Throne,*
But with one stroke she Kick'd the Spaniards *down.*

III.

Ah happy Britons *with two Reigns thus Blest,*
Long shall your Flocks and Lowing Herds have rest;
Your Mighty Pan, *Alas! has left the Plain,*
But great Astrea *in his stead does Reign:*
She too, your Flocks from Ravenous Wolves will keep,
She'll Guard the Jolly Shepherd and his Sheep:
Beneath your Vines *you may in safety sit,*
And all the Ills of Tory Reigns *forget;*
When by the Ax *and* Rope *your Patriots fell,*
A Bloody Sacrifice to Rome *and* Hell:
May no curst Tory *to her Councils creep,*
Nor have Command by Land, *or on the* Deep;
May they Dominion never more regain,
To shorten soon the Scenes *of Her* Blest Reign.
Britons *Rejoice, and thank the Heavenly Powers,*
They are her Enemies, as well as yours.

Obs. This is well enough perform'd, considering it is the first Touch; what you at last intimate that the Tories and High-Flyers, are Enemies to the present Government, is evident from their Practise, as their Actions and Books tend to the Destruction thereof; nay, of the Christian Religion it self: Witness their *Letters from the Living to the Living*, which are full of horrid Blasphemies and Impieties, of execrable Oaths and Curses, of Bawdry and Prophaness, and which are not to be suffered in a Christian State; to such a height is this Flight of Lewdness grown, that the Authors thereof dare recommend their Epistolary Lewdness and Banters on the Government, to an Honourable Member of the House of Commons, and think themselves indempnified, because they are

not

not Punished for their Irreligion: Their late Book, relating to the *Exorbitant Grants of King* William, is as full of Slavery as the other is of Irreligion; therein we have the Model of a *French* Government, and we are taught to be Slaves, in order to make our Kings Hereditary Monarchs. It is a wonder to me how these Men could have the Impudence to Publish such a Book at this time of Day, especially to Dedicate it to Her Majesty; I am much against the Publication of such Books; but I wish every *Englishman* knew the Villany contained in it, that they might more abominate the Party from whence it came:

Country-m. Master *Observator*, I know well enough that the *Jacobite* and *Tory* Principles are contrary to the *English* Constitution, and tending to the Subversion of the present Government; but certainly there is something more than ordinary in this Book, by the Heat you express on this occasion. We are all Friends to the Government. Pray let's hear a little of this Book.

Obs. The whole Book is a Notorious Libel on King *William*, it makes him a Usurper, an Invader, an Infringer of our Liberties; one that had no Right to make a Grant of Lands, or any thing else; that He Impoverished the Nation; that he never did any thing for the Advantage of this Realm; that the People of *England* are Dependant on the Crown; that they are but Tenants at Will to their Kings, from whom they have the Tenure of their Liberties: In short, that we are all Slaves, and an *English* King is a Tyrant.

Country-m. A very fine Rogue! wou'd I had him here, I wou'd Annoint him with some Oyl of Oak. Pray, What does he say of Our Gracious Queen *Ann?*

Obs. In speaking against King *William*, he Speaks against Her present Majesty, who was included in the same Act of Settlement with King *William*, and is come to the Executive Power by the same Authority as King *William* did: He justifies the Right of the Supositious Heir to the Crown, and his whole Book is levelled against the Act of Settlement.

Country-m. We need not value what these Fellows say; these are Dogs which Bark but cannot Bite. Queen *Ann* is our Lawful Sovereign. Her Right to the Crown, and the Act of Settlement are according to our Constitution, and are prescrib'd by our Laws. Her Majesty has already the Hearts of Her People, and will have their Hands on all Occasions to keep Her in the Legal Possession of the Crown of *England*. For my Part, I never desire to out-Live Her Majesty: But as long as *Englishmen* know their own Rights, and their true Interest, I am perswaded they will never part with their Act of Settlement. —— This Discourse makes me call to mind what some People say at *London*, *viz.* That the *Dutch* are about making the Prince of *Hanover*, *Stadtholder* of *Holland*. Pray, Sir, your Thoughts on that Project.

Obs. I wish you be *John:* Nothing can conduce more to the Safety of *Europe* and the Strengthning of the Confederacy. *England* and *Holland* United, will at all Times Maintain the Ballance of *Europe*. *England* of itself has hitherto Maintain'd the Sovereignty of the Narrow-Seas; and in Conjunction with *Holland*, the whole Empire of the *Liquid* will be under their Dominion. A Prince of the House of *Hannover*, being *Stadtholder* of *Holland*, binds the two Nations in a Natural Alliance; 'tis a League of *Consanguinity* more than of Interest. Consider farther the Powers Interested with *England* in such an Alliance, as the Duke of *Zell*, the King of *Prussia*, and other Potentates, Relations and Confederates with the House of *Hannover*.

I have observed in the Writings of that great States-Man, and Pensionary of *Holland*, *John de Wit*, how much he recommends a strict Alliance betwixt *England* and *Holland*, as the means of safety to both; and this he endeavoured to effect, while he was employ'd in the Ministry under the States General; but *England* at that time was either Ignorant of its own good, or rather its Ministers were such as they are described to be at that time by Sir *Richard Temple*; and the People of *Holland* blinded by the Agents of *France*, were so far from having their National Interest in View, that this great Man was barbarously Murdered by the Populace (under false Representations of matter of Fact) for contriving the good of his Native Country. Blessed be God, we have now a Queen on the Throne who can have no separate Interest with Her Successors or Allies, and our Ministry have hitherto given Proofs that they Act under her in good earnest against the common Enemy: In short, Sir, if what you say proves true, nothing can conduce more to the Welfare of *England* as well as of *Holland*.

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